

I Adore You

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Summary: Err, title's bound to change! Sandy and Maxwell story. Sandy has loved Maxwell her whole life, but it isn't until one fateful night that she gets her chance... and the answers to her mysterious childhood memories. LOTS of fluff, possible StanPash. R&R!

I Adore You

Wow I haven't written anything in a LONG time.

Well here we go again!

Let's get on with it. I don't own Hamtaro or anything associated with it.

Now read!

* * *

><p><p>

Sandy?

Yeah, Maxy?

Iâ€¦ I love you.

Maxwell! I-uhâ€¦

I-It's okay if you don't l- feel the same! But I justâ€¦ you know, I really like youâ€¦ and-

Maxwell?

Y-Yeah?

I love you too.

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

* * *

>"Ughâ€| groanâ€|"<p><p>

Sandy rubbed her eyes and reached for the alarm clock. When she could finally feel it, she balled her hand into a fist and smashed it.

She grinned. _Years of gymnastics and karate really do pay off._

Then, remembering her dream, she sighed. Her heart was still pounding, and she worried it might rip through her chest.

She didn't know how long she'd had a crush on Maxwell. Just hearing his name, or listening to him talk about Shakespeare or Julius Caesar or whatever other books he was reading made her heart flutter. But she'd never really gotten up the courage to go up and tell him. Truth be told, she was afraid of him. Afraid he'd use her love as her greatest weakness, and eventually kill her with it. Although she knew he was too good. Maxwell would never do a thing like that.

Still, she tried to keep her distance.

And now I'm dreaming about him. Great.

She sat up and got out of bed. Sandy changed into her normal apparel: a green turtleneck sleeveless sweater, since it was a slightly chilly day, and a black skirt. She slipped on a pair of shoes discarded on the floor and ran outside to live a normal, unsuccessful-love-connection-with-Maxwell day. She waved goodbye to her mother and didn't bother seeing if Stan was awake; she knew he'd be the first one at the clubhouse today.

* * *

>As she knew, her predictions were correct.<p><p>

Stan was helping decorate for the Harvest Festival weekend. This was a special celebration in Japan, for it welcomed the autumn seasons and was a time to give blessings to others prospering for a good seasons of crops. It was also popular for being the time of year in which new couples blossomed and shared the bright colors and sparks of relationships along with the fall weather and fireworks. Stan was hoping this year, if he helped the girls out a little more, he might end up with a date at the end of the night and possibly more.

Sandy sauntered over to the stool he was standing on and gave him a playful push. He almost topped over.

"Sandy! Like, what are you doing? Can't you see I'm trying to put up these decorations?"

"I can see that, Stanley, and I can also see that you don't really care about how the clubhouse looks, you just want to get lucky tonight!" Sandy teased.

Stan just smirked and continued taping. "So what if I do? I mean,

wouldn't you rather have me doing this than what I was doing last year?"

Sandy pondered that for a moment. Last year, Stan had dressed himself in nothing but a shriveled brown leaf and proceeded to dance a rather suggestive mambo to attract the girls. Nonetheless, it didn't work. All he got was a slap to the face and a ticket from the police for being "nude in public".

She turned to her twin brother. "_Anything_ is better than last year, bro."

* * *

>Everyone was almost here. There was only Panda, Maxwell and Jingle missing now. Panda, because he was asked to build a float for the Harvest Festival Parade (and because he avoided anything having to do with relationships), Maxwell because he had to run a few errands, and Jingle because he was getting ready for his performance on stage for the nighttime festivities. They had asked only for a few mellow chords, just to set the mood for everyone.<p><p>

Sandy was getting awfully bored. She loved her friends, but all of the girls were talking about their crushes and/or potential boyfriends, and the guys vice versa. She was becoming quite sick of all the lovey-dovey crap, and also quite jealous that she had no one to share her love with as well.

"Ooh, Bijou! I think tonight's the night for you!"

"You zink so? You zink 'Amtaro will ask me tonight?"

"Sure do! He's got his eyes for you like a mouse does for a slice of cheese!"

Bijou blushes. Cue giggling. Sandy rolled her eyes.

"So Pepper, are you getting Oxnard anything?" Pashmina nudged her country friend. Pepper blushed a shade of pink Sandy had never seen before.

"Yeahâ€¦ I made him one of my peach-cobbler pies."

"OOH YUM! He's going to love it, Pepper!"

"Oh, do you really think so Pashmina?"

"Yeah!"

"Okwee, yeah Pepi!"

Cue giggled again. Sandy couldn't help but smile at the innocence of the youngest one, Penelope. She knew nothing about romantic love, yet when someone needed care and support the most she was always there. Just like her soul sister, Pashmina.

Speaking ofâ€¦ it was her turn.

"What about you, Pashy?"

"What about me?"

"You've got most of the boys in the palm of your hand! Who will it be? There's Dexter, Howdy, even Boss or Jingle!" Pepper said this in a jokingly manner but you could tell she was ever so slightly envious.

Penelope quoted quietly, "I like Cappy...", but no one heard except Sandy. She smiled to herself.

Don't worry, little girly. Your secret's safe with me.

Pashmina shyly blushed. "Well, actually there's someone elseâ€|"

"WHO!"

They giggled once more as they tried prying the information out of the poor girl. Sandy soon lost interest and wondered when Maxwell would arrive. It really was the only reason she had bothered to come, other than to keep her brother in line.

She wondered if he was with another girl-ham.

Sandy didn't see at first, but while she was caught up in her thought at that moment all the girls turned in her direction. She perked up her ears.

"Heke?"

"So, Sandy, do you have anyone in mind?" Asked a rather inquisitive Pepper.

"â€| What?"

"You know, some special boy-ham on the brainâ€|"

"You like ze Maxwell, no?"

Sandy froze. She hadn't told _anyone _about her secret crush, not even the most trustworthy Bijou. She knew, as sweet as she was, Bijou would eventually tell Pashmina and Pepper and they would eventually tell the rest of the gang. And Sandy wasn't ready for the world to know, especially _her _world.

But they weren't about to find out now. She played it cool.

"Nah, I don't dig him. Not my type."

"But you're always blushing whenever he comes by you!"

"Yeah! And last week, when he called you graceful after you twirled for everyone, you were speechless!"

Sandy tried to hide the rapidly heating sensation in her face. She tried putting on a bored face, but it didn't quite work. _Any _talk of Maxwell had her interested.

"Ooh, and I heard he REALLY likes you!"

Sandy almost laughed out loud. In fact, she did.

"HA! Yeah right! Nice one, Pash!"

He'd never fancy someone like meâ€|

She couldn't help but hope it was true.

"But Sandy, ees true! He even said so last-"

Bijou was cut off by an exotic sounding shake. Stan was at the girl's table, now finished with the decorations. To hide herself, Sandy turned around and began walking out of the clubhouse, absorbed in her own hopes and dreams. For the first time she didn't notice, neither care when Stan started to flirt with the girls.

"So, I've got this sweet place rented out tonightâ€| and you should totally come! I mean, one cute girl, one handsome ham, the possibilities are endless! Come on, what do you sayâ€|"

_BAM! _And he was hit over the head by Pepper, claiming she was "taken by the man of her dreams already". That part Sandy didn't miss.

* * *

>She remembered a wheat field at sunset, but she couldn't remember where... or when. Which made her even more guilty, because what she did remember was that she had promised herself she would never forget that moment, that single moment of sheer happiness, of utter bliss, with one she truly loved. And it bothered her, everyday of her life... until today.

Sandy opened her eyes. She was at the tree, the plant that marked the entrance to their beloved clubhouse. Breathing in, she took in the deep scent of damp earth and fresh air. There was nothing she loved more than a beautiful evening and a calm autumn wind.

Exceptâ€|

She was about to head in the direction of her home when she bumped into something, or rather, some_one_, and fell flat on her face.

And then it happened.

"Ouch!"

"Yikes! Ouchâ€| sorry! I didn't mean to-"

She felt herself being helped up. She looked, and saw the face of her savior.

"Maxwell?"

"Hey, it's fine, no harm done."

She stared into his pacific blue eyes. So warm and inviting, like the weather. And his smile was so cuteâ€| she found herself lost in him, just for a moment, then recalled where she was.

"Yeahâ€¦ uh, well, are _you_ alright?"

"Yeah! Like, I'm okay."

"Where were you going, anyway?"

"Home. I-I don't really like these kinds of parties." _I'm always so lonelyâ€¦|_

"Well, I know of a better place you can go."

Sandy's expression was one filled with curiosity. "Where would that be?"

And Maxwell held out his hand.

"Come with me," he whispered.

Filled with shock, and her heartbeat suddenly racing, she looked up at him. Into those pacific, loving eyes. Diving into that star smile, that seemed to bright up a room (and her life), she made her decision.

And she went.

* * *

>Cliffhanger? Ha no not really. But reviews would be nice! They make me want to write more!<p><p>

â€¦| But I suppose you don't have to.

Yeah!

End
file.